

Christmas Shopping for My Husband

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Part 1

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a present was present for my loving spouse.

I don't normally leave things to the last minute. Like, I'm not the world's most organized woman, but it's not like waking up six days before Christmas and realizing that I haven't gotten anything for my brand-new husband is a habit.

It's our first Christmas together as a married couple, and my new hubby, perfect man that he is, probably already got me something amazing. A robot that cleans the dishes, or... wait, that's just a dishwasher.

You know what I mean. He's probably gotten me something better than a dishwasher.

A friend of mine suggests I get him something...sexy, and I can't get the idea out of my head. So when I pass the store with the blacked out windows, a sign promising "EROTIC GIFTS" in green-and-red letters...well, how can I resist?

Making sure that no one is looking, I open the door and slip inside.

The first thing I see is dicks.

Dicks, dicks, dicks, in all shapes and sizes and colors.

I'm not a total prude - yes, Frank has been my only lover - but I've, y'know. Watched porn.

Once.

So it's not like I've never seen a dick before.

But walking in and being accosted by *so many* dicks, all at once - it was like being slapped in the face. By dicks.

I immediately have second thoughts. This is a bad idea. I can just get Frank a golf set. He doesn't like golf, but whatever. I can figure something out.

Maybe he can learn to love golf.

"Umm...I think I have the wrong door," I say, blushing as I see the man behind the counter staring at me. I'm wearing a big winter coat and a pink knit pom pom beanie - he must just be able to see my blonde locks and a pretty face, red from the cold outside.

He's tall. Heavyset, but not fat - he makes me think of a bodyguard, or a wrestler. Glancing down at me, a gentle smile appears on his face.

"It must be freezing outside," he says. "Why don't you come in and warm yourself up for a few minutes? I know the area well, I'm happy to direct you to where you need to go."

I nod, too embarrassed to speak. It's a kind offer, but I can't. There's just...there's too many dicks. Too much sex, all at once. I'm flustered and overwhelmed; I need to go.

Just as I'm about to open the door, I see some people walking by. I realize the windows aren't blacked out, just darkened - you can't see in from the outside, but you can see out from within. I can't walk out while there are *people* there. They'd see me step out of a sex shop. What would they think? They'd probably think I was some slut, buying a huge dildo or something.

No, it's far better to wait for them to pass by before I leave.

"Thanks," I mumble. "It's pretty chilly outside."

The man behind the counter is staring at me, and suddenly I feel warm. Taking my hat off, I let my golden locks fall free.

It doesn't stop him from staring.

"Where were you heading, Goldilocks?"

He's handsome. Intelligent-looking. Definitely doesn't give off a pervert vibe. I guess I imagined a creepy fat dude running the store, or a goth chick, covered in tattoos.

“Just Christmas shopping,” I smile. My eyes run up and down the man’s arms. Well, I wasn’t wrong about the tattoo part.

“If anything catches your eye,” he says with a chuckle, “I’d be happy to show you what I’ve got.”

His laugh is deeper than I’d expect from his voice, and I flush red, still uncomfortable by the number of dicks surrounding me.

“Ummm...I don’t think these are the right kind of toys for my 3-year-old niece,” I say, trying to break the awkwardness with a joke. The man smiles, revealing pearly-white teeth.

“Well, maybe something for yourself?”

My face grows even more red. “Yeah, you know, I was actually shopping for my husband.” Better to make it abundantly clear that I’m taken.

“Ah,” he grins. “And have you got a gift for the hubby yet?”

“No. I’m terrible at figuring out what to give people, and he’s especially hard to please. He doesn’t really have a hobby or anything...”

I trail off as the man’s eyes dart up and down my body. Normally, I’d be offended, but something about the shopkeeper...he doesn’t seem dangerous. Or lecherous. His gaze isn’t sleazy, it’s...professional, I guess?

“Well, since you’re hiding from the cold anyway, why don’t I show you some things your husband might like?”

I glance back at the window. There’s still a steady stream of people outside.

“Sure, why not. I think I have a minute.” I chuckle uncomfortably. “Just until I warm up.”

Exiting the counter, the man moves towards a wall at the back of the store. I trot after him before even realizing that I’m doing it.

The wall is black, like the windows, but covered in lacy, brightly-colored lingerie: red, pink, purple, blue. “What’s your husband’s favorite color?”

I’m shocked to find that I have no idea. “I...I don’t know,” I stammer. “We’ve never talked about it.”

“How about you?” the man replies, gliding over my embarrassment. This guy is a real salesman. “What’s your favorite color?”

This one I know. “Red.”

The large man plucks a set of red lingerie off the wall. Before I know what’s happening, he’s pulled my coat open, and is holding the underwear up against my sweater and pants.

“This might fit. There’s a change-room out back; why don’t you try it on?”

I glance at the skimpy clothing. This is exactly what I came here for - a sexy outfit for my husband. So why am I suddenly so hesitant to take it?

“You think so?”

“I’m sure your husband will love it.”

“Well, if there’s one thing he’s passionate about, it’s me.” I chuckle nervously. It’s true - Frank has hardly been able to keep his hands off me for the four and a half months we’ve been married.

Maybe this *is* the perfect Christmas gift.

“Now that’s a present he’ll be excited to unwrap.”

I smile back, wondering if he’s trying to flirt with me. No way. He’s just doing his job, acting nice to make a sale.

I take the lingerie and go to the back; it’s less of a change-room, more just a booth separated by a curtain.

This store really isn’t focused on saving on heating bills - it’s a pleasure to shuck my coat, my thick sweater, my two additional shirts. Taking off my pants and leggings, I’m soon

down to my underwear.

It's pretty timid, compared to the fancy stuff in my hands - just some plain panties and a bra. Still, I have to admit - even without expensive lingerie, I'm pretty happy with my figure.

"Are you doing okay in there?"

I look up. Crap. The curtain didn't close all the way - I can see the shop attendant through the crack. Still, he shouldn't be able to see me - it looks like he's adjusting stock.

"Yeah," I reply. "Everything's fine."

I try to close the gap, and then can't help but spend a few more seconds admiring myself. Yeah, my own body is probably the best present I could give to my husband. Especially if I spice it up with a hot outfit.

Taking off my bra and panties, I check out the new lingerie. It looks nice - doesn't leave a lot to the imagination, but covers just enough to create a little mystery.

It fits almost perfectly, except for my boobs. I can barely cram them into their cups; they look like they're right on the verge of spilling out.

#bigtitsproblems, I think. They never make clothes for busty petite girls...

"How does it look?"

I jump. The strange man sounds like he's directly outside the curtain.

"Ummm...it's nice. It's just a little...small. At the chest." I reply nervously.

"What do you mean?"

"The bra part. I'd need bigger cups."

There's a pause. "I think I'd have to see, to understand what you're talking about. My girlfriend normally handles the lingerie - my specialties are toys and novelties."

I sigh. Obviously I can't let a stranger see me in this. I'm starting to get excited at the idea of my new husband seeing me in it...

"It's okay; I'll just try on another one."

"Of course." His voice is completely professional. "Would you like me to pass one to you? Save you from having to get completely redressed."

"Sure."

He has a girlfriend, I tell myself in relief. *See? You were worried for no reason.*

After a brief pause, his hand reaches through the door, holding a new set of lingerie, this time in black. The bra looks much larger, but the bottom half is just a thong.

I take it quickly, uncomfortable wearing so little next to a stranger's arm, as if his hand had eyes. Against my own instincts, I try it on - *I never wear anything this revealing*, but... well, it's for my husband. Plus, it's Christmas!

The bra fits perfectly. The thong too, really highlighting my ass.

"Oh, wow," I say without thinking.

"Ma'am? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, it's just...it's really pretty." It's the most neutral word I can think of to describe the view to a stranger without sounding too flirty.

"I'm sure you look great," the salesman says, his soothing voice wafting through the curtain. "May I take the items you're not using?"

"Of course," I reply automatically, continuing to stare at myself in the small mirror.

After a brief pause, the curtain moves to the side, causing me to jump.

"What are you doing??" I shriek, trying to cover my body up. I have too many curves and not enough arms, and I can see the man's gaze moving up my body approvingly, until his eyes finally reach mine.

"Collecting the lingerie you're not using," he says calmly, a smile in his eyes and a hint of levity in his voice. "It needs to be washed before it goes back on display. For hygienic reasons, you understand."

Right. Duh. Silly me. By not handing them back, I gave this stranger permission to come in and take them.

“Uh, sorry, I just...”

I trail off in embarrassment.

“Absolutely fine,” he replies slickly, gathering up the rejected lingerie and giving my new outfit another glance. “Although...”

“What?”

His tone worries me enough that for a moment, I forget that I’m allowing myself to be ogled by a stranger. I even move my arms, allowing a better view.

“As I said, I’m not an expert, but my girlfriend has told me lingerie that looks as good as that can be mighty uncomfortable after half an hour or so. How’s it feeling?”

“Umm...good, I think? It feels pretty comfy so far.” I adjust my bra as I say that, blushing slightly as I see how much it makes my flesh bounce.

“I’m about to take my lunch break. Unless you have somewhere to be, may I suggest that you try the lingerie for the next twenty minutes or so, make sure it stays comfortable? It’s completely up to you, but if you’re wearing that as a surprise for your husband, you don’t want to end up itchy and irate if he’s running late.”

I’m taken aback by his kindness. I was ready to buy this lingerie, but he was actually willing to risk the sale just to make sure I get a good product.

Of course, that’s exactly what a salesman would do if he wanted a customer to return and make further purchases. Not that there’s any chance I’d ever come back to a store like this. I’m going to get the underwear and get out, never to return.

“That’s very kind of you,” I smile. “I think I have half an hour or so. I’ll just get redressed and I’ll be right out.”

He returns my smile, but it doesn’t seem to reach his eyes. “Of course. Although...wearing those heavy clothes might not allow you to feel if the lingerie is getting itchy. I’d recommend wearing it by itself, just to be sure. I’m going to close up the shop for lunch, so you won’t have to worry about anyone else coming in.”

I smile at the man, my eyes flashing. “That would be really nice, actually. I already feel very naked - I don’t want to be put on display for your customers, too.”

The man chuckles.

I realize that my hands are still trying - somewhat pointlessly - to cover up my body. “You must see this every day,” I say, trying to convince myself that this is okay. “I’m just not too comfortable dressed like this around anyone but my husband.”

“Oh yes,” he replied immediately. “When the change-room is busy, some people will just change in the store. It’s all very casual around here. Let me get those for you.”

The salesman picks up my clothes, and takes them with the worn lingerie. I give him a nod of thanks before I’m quite sure what’s happening.

“Um...”

I can hear the ‘click’ of the door locking; when I step out of the change-room, I see that the OPEN sign on the door has been turned around.

“You’re welcome to come hang out in the store,” he says, already behind the counter once more. “Would you like some of my sandwich?”

“I’m not really hungry,” I reply timidly. I’m suddenly very aware that I’m wearing nothing but a black thong and sexy bra, and my clothes have been taken away from me.

“Thanks, though.”

As the man unwraps his sandwich, his focus shifts back to me, and I can’t decide which way to turn. I don’t want to turn my back on him, knowing how little of my ass these panties hide, but in the brighter light of the main store, I’ve noticed just how see-through the bra is.

I find myself twisting my body uncomfortably as I look around the store, trying to pass time. “Have you worked here long?”

“A few years now,” he replies, taking a big bite of a sandwich filled with red meat of some kind. “Aren’t you glad you came through the wrong door? Your husband is going to lose control when he sees you in that.”

“I hope so,” I grin, avoiding eye-contact, hoping the man’s gaze is directed squarely at his sandwich. “It’s not that our love life needs it, but spicing things up a little every now and again never hurts, right?”

There’s that deep chuckle again. “Too right. My girlfriend once surprised me with that exact set. I tore it off her.”

My eyes widen, and I watch him swallow the last of his sandwich. I blush as we make eye-contact, and turn around, trying not to jump as I realize I’m standing beside the wall of dildos once more.

“Any of those catch your eye?”

“Oh, no!” I say, my blush deepening. “I was just looking around. I’ve, um, never been in a sex shop before. If you couldn’t already tell.”

“So you normally order your toys off the internet?”

I jump as the salesman’s arm casually brushes against my elbow. How did he get over here so fast?

“Umm, no. I don’t have any toys. I mean, my husband and I tried one of those vibrating rings one time, that you put on the guy’s...thing. But that’s all.”

I’m beet red, and not just my face. I can see it spreading out across my chest and collarbone. This outfit removes any chance I have of masking my embarrassment.

“That’s quite unusual,” he replies. Despite his professional tone, I can’t help but feel he thinks I’m a freak. “Do you want me to talk through some of what we have available?”

I can’t help but giggle nervously in response. He smiles at my reaction, clearly back into sales mode. “I mean, I have time, right?”

“So, how do you normally masturbate?”

My eyes widen at the question. He asks so casually, like when he asked what my favorite color was. I guess it makes sense - he sells sex toys. It’s only normal for him to talk about this stuff. It’s like talking to your gynecologist, right?

“I...well, um, I just use my fingers. I mean, I used to. When I was a teenager. I haven’t really masturbated in a while. Since, well, since Frank and I met.”

The man shakes his head disapprovingly. I feel like I’m two inches tall. How did I get a question about *masturbation* wrong?

“That’s not good,” he says slowly. “Masturbation is a normal, healthy part of any sexual relationship. This might be why you felt the need to spice things up in the bedroom - if you’re exclusively getting your needs met by your husband, he might be feeling a lot of pressure.”

“You think so?” Frank never once complained, and he could always make me cum. But what if it was slowly becoming a chore for him? He could burn out, like those people who work their ass off at a dead-end job.

“Absolutely,” the man nods.

I suddenly had a brand new thing to worry about. Hooray.

“When you masturbated, did you just stimulate your clitoris or was there penetration involved?”

“Mostly just my clit,” I reply automatically, my head spinning at the newly-implanted fear. “Frank was the first who was actually like...you know. In there.”

“And do you find that you normally achieve orgasm while your husband is inside you, or exclusively during foreplay?”

My blush returns as I tune back into what we're talking about. "Um, well. Uh..." Heck, I've said this much. Might as well give the man everything he needs to do his job. Not that I'm going to buy anything except the lingerie, of course.

"I normally achieve orgasm from the friction between us when I'm riding here," I say, trying desperately to keep my voice steady. I'm a grown woman, not a teenage girl - there's nothing wrong with discussing sex in a mature, clinical fashion. "But I read in a magazine that it's completely normal, that not all women have vaginal orgasms."

Of course, it's still a little weird to be discussing this stuff with a total stranger. Wearing nothing but skimpy lingerie.

In the middle of a sex store.

He nods thoughtfully in response, with all the dispassion of an accountant conducting an audit. "And one last question - how much do you enjoy the fullness of your husband's cock inside you?"

"I, uh..."

I have no idea how to answer that. Despite his professional tone, I now feel practically naked.

I mean, I *am* practically naked.

"A lot?" I eventually stammer in response.

"Excellent!"

He claps his hands loudly at his response, a sharp sound compared to the sound of his low voice. He reaches out and picks up a 9-inch rubber penis, and hands it to me. I take it out of reflex. "I think this might be for you, Goldilocks."

"Ummm...I...I don't think my husband would feel good about himself seeing me with something of this size."

I try to joke, to make it less awkward, but my eyes can't leave the dildo. It's different to the other ones on the wall - it's much more realistic-looking. It has the veins and small details of a real penis. And it *feels* like holding a real penis.

I almost feel like I'm cheating just by holding it. I've never held a cock other than my husband's. He was my first, and I assume he'll be my last.

"Well, I didn't want to give you anything bigger, and obviously you wouldn't be satisfied by anything smaller. But this one, I thought would be just right."

My eyes boggle at the idea of anything *bigger*. "I don't think this could fit inside me," I chuckle nervously, suddenly noticing that my hands have been running up and down the rubber penis as I hold it.

The salesman raises his eyebrows. "Oh! I'm sorry, I just assumed..."

He trails off, and I'm unable to help myself.

"Assumed what?"

"It's a silly assumption, really. I just assumed that...well, with a body like that, you would have ended up with..."

He shakes his head and doesn't finish his sentence. "I'm sorry."

"That's okay," I say, puzzled by the unfinished thought.

"How big is your husband? Maybe we have something of his size."

"I...well, I don't know exactly. Let me see if I can find something."

I scan the wall for a dildo that looks like it's Frank's size, but they all look bigger. Glancing to the side, I find something. "Here."

The salesman purses his lips.

"He's...more thick, of course."

"Of course," the man says, his lips twitching as he looks at the shelf where I picked it up from. I follow his eyeline - the box for the toy says '4.5" Anal Vibrator'. Ew! My eyes widen

as I realize what I'm holding.

"So obviously we don't sell any dildos that small," he says, interrupting my thought. "But...well, there's one thing we could do."

"What?"

I'm still holding the 9-inch dildo in one hand, and the anal vibrator in the other. It looks so tiny by comparison.

"A lot of people like to get toys made in the shape of their loved ones, so we sell molding kits. You could take it home, use it to make a cast of your husband's erection, and then we can create the toy from that."

"That sounds expensive."

"Oh, no - aside from the cost of the molding kit, you only pay for the PVC used, so you might actually *save* some money this way."

"You can do that?"

"Absolutely," he smiled, and I see his eyes gleam with excitement at making a sale. "In fact, the one you're holding right now is based on me. We used it to test the kit, but it's actually been quite a good seller for us."

"What??" I immediately throw the dildo away like it was burning hot. The man catches it with quick reflex. "Why didn't you tell me that before??? I can't believe I was touching your penis this whole time!"

Did I really just touch another man's penis? No. No, it's not like that. Sure, it might be *shaped* like his dick, but it's not a real dick. It's a rubber dildo. I wasn't touching an actual cock. There was nobody attached to that penis.

I force myself to calm down. It's just a toy. Yes, it's a toy dick. Yes, it's a toy of *this man's* dick, but that's still all it is - a toy.

"I'm sorry," he says. "I didn't mean to offend."

"No," I sigh. I can't stop staring at the dildo. It looks absurd, even held by your big hand. "I'm sorry - I shouldn't have overreacted."

My eyes flick down. How can he even keep something that large in his pants? Jesus...if that's really an exact replica, he's...he's *huge*.

I'd always thought those dicks only existed in porn.

"Not a problem." There was that salesman smile again.

He throws the dildo from one hand to another, a half-smile on his face. Oh, god, did he notice me checking out his pants?

"I...I'm sure to you it's very normal," I say. I can't stop looking at the monster. It's so...mesmerizing. In a, like, freak of nature kind of way. "But I've never met someone and then...and then..."

I trail off, my eyes still affixed to the toy. Not because I like it, or anything. Just because...wow.

"Of course," he says smoothly, wagging the dildo as he speaks. "It's completely understandable."

"I'd be more comfortable if you put that thing away," I say, a note of irritation entering my voice. "I'm happily married. I'm-...I'm not supposed to be around, uh, other peoples' junk."

"Remember, it's just a toy."

I nod, embarrassed, still staring at the man's cock.

"When we make a mold of your boyfriend's cock, it's not like he'd be cheating on you if you loaned it to a friend, is it?"

"Well, no. But that's...I wouldn't."

I managed to force myself to stop looking at the PVC penis in the stranger's hand. I turn,

rolling my eyes as I'm once more met by the wall of dicks.

It's a sex store. I guess I shouldn't be surprised to be so surrounded by...well, sex.

"Every toy is based on someone, after all," the large man says, gesturing at the wall. "Is a woman cheating every time she uses one of these?"

I try to change the subject, and pick up an oddly-shaped dildo. It's smaller than the one based on the salesman, but still significantly larger than the anal vibrator in my other hand.

"Who's this one based on?"

"Quasimodo," he quips. "Tragic case."

I laugh out loud before stopping myself. He smiles back at me, still holding that damn 9-inch dick.

My face turns red. Okay, he has a good sense of humor. Still, handing me his cock was a dick move. Literally. I shouldn't let him off the hook so easily.

"But of course, if you're uncomfortable with this particular item, there's plenty more I can show you."

Grabbing me by the arm with the same hand he's holding the dildo, the salesman moves me to another part of the store. I try to ignore the feeling of the dildo brushing against my bare skin as we walk.

"This is our vibrator range," he says, back in full sales mode. "As you can see, we have everything from your standard bullet vibrators to discreet toys, to the more...advanced models."

I raise my eyebrows at that.

"Advanced models?"

I can't stop glancing at the hard-on that he's carrying.

Why is he still carrying that?

"Let me show you." Grabbing a flesh-colored item that looks like it could be a cooking implement, he steps forward to plug it in and hand it to me. The box says HITACHI MAGIC WAND.

"Cute hand blender," I say, putting down the anal vibrator and looking at the strange item.

"The switch is on the side."

I turn it on, and the head starts vibrating, startling me slightly. "Oh, wow."

Touching the tip with my finger, I can feel the vibration through my whole body. "Oh, I see - this is like a neck massager, isn't it?"

"Sort of," he smiles. "It's for women to pleasure themselves."

His eyes flick down to my breasts, which I suddenly realize are jiggling with the vibrations. Suddenly aware of a strange tension in the air, I decide to lift it.

"Or we could have a sword fight," I grin, holding the wand up against the fake cock, as though we were two Jedis having a standoff.

Laughing, the salesman strikes a similar pose. "I think you'd win," he says, glancing at the toy in his hand. "I have a powerful tool, but the Magic Wand is something else. Although in tandem..."

He cuts himself off.

"I'm sorry," he says in response to my inquiring look. "I was about to say something far too personal."

I shouldn't ask, but my curiosity is killing me.

"What?"

"Oh, I really mustn't say."

I know I should let it go. I'm dressed in lingerie in front of a complete stranger holding a dildo of his own penis, while the sex toy in my hand makes my boobs vibrate.

If my husband could see me now...

"I can handle it," I say, unable to help myself. "I promise not to be offended."

"Or tell my girlfriend that I told you?"

I shrug. "I'm never going to meet her."

"Well, I was just going to say that my girlfriend is like you - she enjoys the feeling of a hard cock inside her, the feeling of being completely *full*."

My eyes flick to the toy in his hand as he speaks.

"But her favorite position is when I'm inside her" - he gestures graphically with the toy - "and she's using the Magic Wand at the same time. She says *those* orgasms are completely out of this world."

I'm sure I'm red from head to toe. And for some reason, I feel out of breath.

"Uh..."

I knew I shouldn't have asked. How does one even respond to that?

Sensing my embarrassment, the salesman continues talking, trying desperately to avoid an awkward silence.

"Of course, that's not to say she doesn't enjoy regular sex as well. I don't want to give the impression that we don't have normal, relaxing intercourse as well. Sometimes while we're watching TV, I'll slowly fuck her for an hour or two. Her orgasms will be less intense, but she'll have half a dozen of them before I cum inside her."

He smiles as he talks, clearly trying to put me at ease. Unfortunately for him, I have a *very* vivid imagination. "Please stop talking about your love life," I stammer, as soon as he pauses. Now all I can see is that big...penis sliding in and out of some...pussy, and it's...no. I can't get wet. Not in front a stranger. Not dressed like this.

What if I decide not to get the thong and it's all sticky from my juices? No. Stop.

"Of course," he replies smoothly. "We're not here to talk about me, we're here to talk about you."

I nod, grateful for the subject change.

"A lot of women prefer masturbation that reminds them of intercourse. When I'm out of town or working late, my girlfriend will often use the Hitachi and this toy in combination. What's your favorite way to have sex with your husband?"

I close my eyes and take a deep breath. Everything suddenly became...a lot.

"I get that you're a very open person," I say, my eyes immediately drawn to the plastic cock in your hand as I reopen them. "I guess that comes with the job. I'm just...I don't even talk about sex with my posse."

"Don't think of this as talking about sex," he replies, his soothing voice helping me relax. "I'm just a professional, trying to do his job. It's like talking to your doctor - you wouldn't feel ashamed talking to a medical professional, would you?"

"I guess not. But...I'm pretty sure my husband wouldn't be happy if he knew I was chatting about our sex life to a hot guy wearing skimpy lingerie." I laugh awkwardly. Wait. Did I really just say hot guy?

"Then we're fine," he smiles. "I'm not a hot guy wearing skimpy lingerie." Reaching into his pants, he pulls up the band of his underwear. "Boxer-briefs, see?"

I try not to allow my mind to conjure up an image of the dildo pressing against a pair of boxer-briefs.

"Doctors, lawyers, priests, and sex-shop workers. We all have to swear a solemn oath of confidentiality. I promise, no one will know what we discuss here today - I could lose my license!"

I frown at his words. "I didn't know sex stores needed a license."

"Of course," he says, reaching out and touching my hand with the still-buzzing vibrator

in it. “You think I could handle this kind of heavy machinery without qualifications?”

He winks at me, and I raise my eyebrows. Is he...flirting with me?

No, he has a girlfriend. He’s just trying to put me at ease.

And I’m relieved to find that it’s working.

“Next you’re going to tell me you had to pass an exam before you were handed *that* by mother nature,” I smile, trying to join in on the joke (now that I finally get it).

Whoops. Went a bit too far. Fortunately, he doesn’t seem offended.

“It can get pretty hard,” he grins back. “But I’m pretty good at handling it.”

I laugh, despite myself.

“But seriously - what’s your all-time favorite sexual experience?”

“I...don’t know. I’ve never really thought about it.”

“Try.”

I do. Sex with Frank has always been good. But...nothing really stands out.

“Any preferred positions, or toys? I imagine that for you to enjoy your husband’s...”

He coughs.

“...you would have to be pretty experimental.”

“Positions...well, I like to be on top mostly, so I can...ummm...grind.”

The man nods.

“So the benefit of this model,” he says. He’s still holding my hand, and standing quite close. “is that it can be used in a variety of different positions. But if you’re after something a little more discreet - and portable - I’d probably recommend a bullet vibrator.”

Bullet vibrator. He said that before. It sounds like something you’d use to shoot a sex fiend.

“Of course, you’ll still want something to achieve that feeling of fullness...”

The comparison to a medical professional is quite apt; he sounds like a doctor diagnosing a patient. As he trails off, the toy in his hand waggles again, drawing my attention to it.

My eyes widen as I realize what he’s suggesting.

“I guess a little more stimulation wouldn’t hurt sometimes,” I say, refusing to take the bait. “I mean, the vibrating ring was nice, but the batteries died too fast. I liked the feeling, and I think Frank did too.”

The distraction works - on me. I barely notice that I’m opening up to him.

“I think this would be perfect for you,” he says, leaning past me to pick up a small vibrator. I suddenly understand why they’re called ‘bullet’ vibrators. “At least, when you’re with your husband. It would stimulate the feeling of grinding in any position, and it definitely shouldn’t make him jealous.”

As he moves past me, the toy in his hand briefly makes contact with my cheek - just for a moment.

“And the battery life is great - this is the one my girlfriend has, and we’ve gone for more than three hours without any issue.”

“Careful with your cock,” I chuckle nervously. “You almost hit me in the face with it.”

I blush as he waggles his eyebrows flirtatiously. “You didn’t mention that in the list of things that you like...”

I turn the Hitachi Wand off, set it on the shelf, and take the bullet vibrator. The vibration is much lighter, more delicate. I move it up and down my wrist, feeling momentarily like I’m sampling fragrances at the mall. “I don’t know about this one. I like the vibration, but it’s too metal-y. Like a tiny robot penis.”

“Yes, that’s one of the downsides of the...‘less threatening’ models. It’s a little different when you’re using it through clothing. Press it against your bra, see if that feels any better.”

I nod. Just a quick check. Nothing weird about that.

“Uhhh...ah!”

I accidentally put it right against my nipple.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

Is it the sudden burst of arousal from the toy against my nipple, or does his voice suddenly sound...softer. Warm. Deeper than it’s been so far.

Seductive.

“It’s...ticklish.” I distort the truth.

“Imagine feeling that while your husband is slowly sliding in and out of you, filling you up.”

“I’m not shopping for me, I’m shopping for my husband.”

“The more pleasure the woman feels, the better time the man has as well. Trust me.”

“Maybe I’ll plant the idea in his head, so he can surprise me with one on our anniversary.”

The salesman is suddenly standing so close, his eyes boring into mine. “I’m not really supposed to do this,” he says softly, “but if you wanted to see what it feels like down there...”

His eyes flick down to my black thong.

For a moment, I’m tempted to say yes, to give into those dark eyes, to my base instincts. But reason overcomes me, and I shake my head.

“Uh, no. I’m not going to do *that* right in the middle of your shop.”

All of a sudden, he’s completely professional once more, standing an appropriate distance away, his eyes sparkling. “Of course not. It was just a suggestion. But I do think you should get this for use with your husband. Now, let’s talk about a gift for *you*.”

“I thought this was the gift for me.”

He chuckles, a low throaty laugh. “No, no. You said it yourself - you can’t be satisfied unless you have that delightful sensation of *fullness*. No, for you we want to try something...”

“I never said that! You’re putting words in my mouth.” I’m starting to sound defensive as I let him place his hand on my bare back and gently push me back towards the wall of dicks.

“How would you put it?” he asks, suddenly all earnestness and easygoing blinks.

“Well, not that way. Not like some...nymphomaniac.”

“Of course not,” he nods. “I do apologize - I never meant to imply such a thing. Different people just find satisfaction in different ways; that’s all I meant. My role is to satisfy your unique urges.”

I try not to imagine him satisfying my urges.

“You say that like it’s abnormal for a woman to like having sex regularly.”

“Oh not at all - enjoying sex is the most normal thing in the world. But...well, like a priest or a doctor, people confide in me a lot here. The most common complaint I get from men is the *pressure* that comes from being their wife’s only source of sexual satisfaction. You said you didn’t masturbate, and so I’m interested in helping. For the sake of your marriage.”

The wall of dicks is looming over me, staring down.

“I still think I should discuss it with Frank before I buy a replacement for him,” I mutter.

The large man’s laugh in response is loud, louder than I expected. “A replacement! Oh, Goldilocks, this is no such thing. A toy could never *replace* your husband. When you go for a walk by yourself, are you *replacing* a family road trip? Of course not! It’s supplementing the relationship, not supplanting it.”

“You’re a very good salesman,” I say with a dry laugh. “I feel like you’ll only let me leave if I’m carrying a bag of dicks with me.”

“Just one,” he replies, then mutters something under his breath. It sounds like ‘and a half, if you...’ but I can’t make out the rest. Before I can ask him to repeat himself, he gestures at the wall.

“Here’s the selection,” he says, and I stare at the array of plastic facing me. “Please, be honest - I can’t help you unless you’re totally honest. Which one calls to you? Out of all the toys, which one are you most interested in?”

“I mean...” I look at the colorful display of dildos on the wall. None of them really grab my attention. I glance back at the one you’re holding for a second. “Maybe I should get the molding kit, you know. I really liked that one.”

There’s a brief pause, and I realize what I just said. “The look and feel, I mean. The texture, not the...size.”

All of a sudden, it’s back in my hand. “Tell me what you like about it. I’m sure I have something similar in stock.”

I hold it awkwardly, trying not to think about its origin. I really do like the feel of this one in my hand. “It’s just...the other ones would look like I was having sex with an alien. This one seems more natural. Approachable.”

“Tell me what you like about the texture, specifically.” A small crease appears in the handsome salesman’s forehead. He’s back to doctor mode, like he’s a professional trying to do nothing but solve a problem.

Like it’s not a toy modeled after his own dick that we’re talking about here.

“The way you can feel the veins running across it, as if it was a real penis,” I say, wrapping my hand around the shaft, unconsciously starting to stroke the dildo.

“Yes, it’s a very popular model.”

“I just wish it wasn’t so big,” I say with a sigh, my cheeks blushing as I hear the desire in my own voice. Fortunately, the salesman doesn’t seem to notice.

“Do you like the taste?”

“What?”

“The taste.”

“You want me to...taste it?”

“Of course.” He looks perplexed by the question.

“Why?”

“If you’re going to be masturbating with a toy, you want to make sure you like the taste.”

“...you have some weird ideas about masturbation. I don’t have a tongue...down there.”

“Right, but you’ll still want to know what it tastes like.”

“I will?”

“Of course,” he smiles. “Picture this: you’ve spent the entire day teasing your husband - wearing an outfit like the one you’re in now, giving him flirty looks, suggestive glances. Maybe even dirty talking to him, whispering in his ear.”

The salesman leans forward, and suddenly his voice is in my ear.

“I can’t wait to get you alone, you’re not going to walk straight for a month’.”

A shiver runs down my spine. Before I can say anything, he leans back again.

“It’s having its desired effect, and your husband is a walking boner, but you’ve turned yourself on as well. You know that if things go on this way, you’re going to lose control and jump him before the sun even goes down, and you were looking forward to absolutely rocking your spouse’s world tonight. You discreetly grab your toy and make it into the bathroom, only to realize that you didn’t bring any lube. Now, you don’t want a toy of this

size to go in dry, so you quickly swallow it down, just enough to get it wet enough to bring you off.”

I stare at him, not sure what to say.

“If you hate the taste, that’s going to completely kill the mood.”

His voice is practically a seductive rumble. I realize it’s been deepening throughout his entire hypothetical.

“You quickly get yourself off in the bathroom, spend the rest of the night teasing your husband, and take him into the bedroom for one of the best nights of his life. Doesn’t that sound fun?”

“I guess.”

“My girlfriend did that for me,” I smile, looking past you in memory. “She teased me for fifteen hours straight. We did *not* sleep that night.”

“I’m still not putting this in my mouth,” I said, looking at the toy. “Not until I wash it.”

“There’s a sink out back,” he nods.

Wait, what did I just say? I have no intention of putting this man’s...thing...in my mouth. Even if it is just a toy.

Ever!

“Hold onto it for now,” he says, sensing my hesitation. “There’s something else I want to show you.”

He lightly takes my shoulder and guides me to a part of the store that doesn’t seem to have any plastic at all. Like a New Age store, it’s all candles and oils.

“Oh wow,” I say with a giggle. “I never knew sex shops had a romantic side.”

This secluded corner looks more like a classy candle store, and I can feel my tension dissolving in soothing candle scent.

“Sex is about more than just the physical aspects,” the salesman says, his hand never leaving my shoulder. “It’s about passion, love. Romance. You love your husband, right?”

“Very much,” I nod in agreement.

“Sex is just another way to express that love. I’m sure he never loves you more than when he sees you on your knees in front of him, his cock in your mouth as you look up at him.”

His words were crude, but his tone was casual. Tender, almost.

“I guess so,” I smile. The salesman’s low, comforting voice in my ears is like ASMR.

“And I’m sure you feel the same way when he’s inside you, or when you’re laying back on the bed, his head between your legs...”

“Uh-huh.” I bite my lips softly, imagining a dimly-lit bedroom with rose petals everywhere, my husband waiting for me in nothing but a white towel.

“One thing we offer is new ways that couples can show their love for each other, ideas they’d never come up with on their own.”

“Really? Like what?”

“Like this,” he smiles, picking up a bottle of massage oil and adding a drop to his hand.

“Oh!”

My eyes widen as he begins applying it between my shoulder blades, but I begin to relax as I realize he’s not doing anything inappropriate. His touch is firm but gentle; just enough pressure that I can feel the smoothness of the oil. He’s being very careful not to stain the lingerie.

“Mmmm...”

A soft moan leaves my closed mouth as the soothing oil is spread against my tense muscles.

“Nice, isn’t it?”

His hands begin to move lower.

“Uh...it feels nice, sure. I’m just sure about...ahmmm...”

My objections turn into a moan as he begins to massage my lower back.

“It’s really tense there,” I say, pointing at my neck and hoping he’ll take the hint.

His fingers are rough, but not in a bad way. Coarse. Textured. They hit my neck’s pain points, gently easing the knots, and I relax. He wasn’t going to do anything inappropriate, I tell myself. He’s just showing off the product.

“What’s your favorite scent?”

I close my eyes, giving myself over to the massage and whisper back “Lavender.”

One of the large hands leaves my neck, and I hear the ‘click’ of a lighter. A few moments later, I’m surrounded by the gentle smell of lavender.

I can’t believe how relaxed I am. I’m in the middle of a sex store, wearing less than I’ve ever worn around anyone who wasn’t my husband, allowing a stranger to massage me...and I feel as comfortable as I do when I’m alone in bed.

After a long moan, I smile. “If you weren’t trying to sell me stuff, I’d think you were trying to seduce me.”

“The oil is called Desire,” he replies, his voice seamlessly transitioning into the smooth patter of a salesman. “Want me to add a bottle to your purchase?”

“What the hell. Let’s just hope my husband’s hands will feel this good with the oil,” I grin.

Did I really just say that? I’m starting to sound really flirty. And how much have I committed to buying so far? If I don’t get ahold of myself, I’m going to leave with half the store.

“And, of course, it works with more than just hands.”

“What do you mean?”

“All of our oils work as lube, too. You won’t need to saliva on your toys if you have Desire handy.”

“Oh good. So if I buy it, you won’t make me taste your rubber dick?” I waggle the dildo as I speak, hoping my joke will lift the tension from the romantic massage.

The salesman gives a polite chuckle, and I feel my gut drop. That was inappropriate. What am I doing, joking about tasting his...thing? This scent is making me go crazy. And these enormous hands...mmm. It feels so good.

I can’t wait to get home to my husband.

“Seriously though, I do recommend you taste the toy before you buy it. As I’m sure you can understand, we don’t allow returns. Would you like any other candles beside lavender?”

“Hey,” I protest lightly. “Who says I’m buying candles.” *Or the toy.*

The massaged continues in silence until I sigh in defeat. “Do you have Cherry Blossom?”

“Of course,” the salesman says with a smug purr. I close my eyes, enjoying the massage.

“There’s one last section of the store I should show you.”

“Fine,” I sigh, opening my eyes. “What else are you going to sell me?”

The salesman removes his hands from my back - where I hadn’t noticed they’d been straying dangerously close to the black lingerie I was wearing - and moves a hand to my waist. He gently guides me to the only corner of the store I hadn’t visited yet - a wall covered in black leather.

“Tell me, have you ever been tied up?”